

OLD WOMAN HERMIT.

LED A SOLITARY EXISTENCE ON A LONELY ISLAND.

Survived Civilization Two Months—Her Dress of Skins Was Sent to the Pope at Rome—Could Not Speak Any Language.



URING the past summer the writer made the attempt to land on the island of San Nicolas, an almost barren mass of sand lying sixty miles off the coast of southern California, the extreme outlying point of the coast, says a correspondent of the Pittsburg Leader.

The island lies in an area of constant gales and is almost unapproachable, except during the calm periods of the winter, and even then, owing to the storms that suddenly rise, it is a dangerous place for yachts.

Within two centuries a vigorous native population, and with its barren shores is associated a true story that bears all the essentials of a romance of the Crusoe order.

A vessel was sent to the island, and all the Indians were taken aboard with the exception of one woman, whose child or children had been forgotten.

But not long after the sloop was wrecked and the story of the lost woman became almost a legend, her appearance often being pictured by the story-tellers of the day, and her one quaint cry of "Maneuana" being repeated to credulous listeners.

It was evident that the woman was avoiding them, so they formed a line as well as they could across the island and marched in regular order 200 yards apart.

At Santa Barbara she lived in the family of one of her rescuers, and though Indians from all over the state visited her, no one could be found who could understand her.

Puttertum—That Alabama legislator who is introducing a law stripping women of those becoming shirt waists is a humorist. Bunterseat—Think so? Puttertum—Yes; he wants to get off a good thing.—Buffalo Times.

ANOTHER BOSTON TEA PARTY

The "Bacchante" May Be Dumped Into the Harbor.

It would appear that there would be no great reason for surprise if we should read any morning in the newspapers that a silent and determined crowd of spectral figures disguised as Indians had broken overnight into the Boston public library under cover of electric light, dragged the Maconnes "Bacchante" from its refuge, carried it in procession to the end of India wharf and intrusted it to the seclusion of the harbor, says Harper's Weekly.

A "HORSE" ON THE MAYOR.

Mount Vernon Practical Joke That Needs a Diagram and Foot-Notes.

From the New York World: The funniest people on this mundane sphere live in Mount Vernon, and Mayor Fiske is one of the funniest of the lot. He never has dared to be quite so funny as he could, but he has taxed the lives and waistcoats of his fellow-citizens by coming pretty close to the limit of facetiousness.

Deeply Interested.

Jinks—I would have been run over on Broadway to-day if it had not been for Winks, who was with me. He sprang forward and showered blows on the horses' heads with an umbrella.

Jumping at Conclusions.

The Minister—Brother Brown, I understand that you attended the Adelphi theater this week. I cannot tell you how deeply pained I am to hear this, Brother Brown—But I thought you didn't object to the theater on principle—that you merely condemned the objectionable shows.

SOME GREAT MEN.

The most famous of ancient sculptors was Phidias. His work in the Parthenon remains the admiration of artists and sculptors to the present day.

Montesquieu may be termed "The Father of Philosophical History," being among the first to search in the doings of men for the causes of their action.

Titian was the greatest Venetian painter. The chief of a long line of imitators, art critics rank him with Raphael and Correggio, a prince of the art.

The most talented sopranos were Mara, Catalani, Jenny Lind, Gabrielli and Patti. Each was distinguished by extraordinary compass and purity of tone.

The greatest theologian was St. Augustine, whose body of theology at present constitutes the major part of the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church.

The leading experimental philosopher was Bacon, who deemed that the substance of all philosophy lay in testing the accuracy of the knowledge already gained.

Virgil was the greatest pastoral poet who ever lived. Standing next to Homer as a writer of epics, he nevertheless, in some passages, excelled his famous master.

The most learned philosophical historian was Buckle. It is estimated that a single foot-note in his "History of Civilization" must have cost five years' research.

The first and, in most respects, the greatest of all tragic poets was Aeschylus. His delineation of the tragic elements of human conduct has never been surpassed.

ON A JUDEAN PLAIN.

TENTING NEAR THE ANCIENT TOWN OF JERICHO.

Dr. Barrows Writes of Jerusalem, Its Fifth and Misery, of His Journey to the Valley of the Jordan and His Camp in the Wilderness.



WE have gone down from Jerusalem to Jericho and have not fallen among thieves. We are now living in a tent standing in a garden full of bananas, acacias, pomegranates and China trees, with one fine cypress, and with roses, oleanders and jasmine blossoming around us.

THE HOLY SEPULCHER.



side of Mount Quarantania, easily visible from our camp. This mountain is the traditional place of the temptation of Jesus. We are 1,200 feet below the surface of the sea, and our journey here has been marked by heat and dust.

In this letter I mean to give a somewhat detailed account of what we have thus far done in the holy land. We make our headquarters at Howard's hotel, a little distance outside the Jaffa gate. This building, like the hotel at Jaffa, we found finely decorated with

VIA DOLOROSA, JERUSALEM.

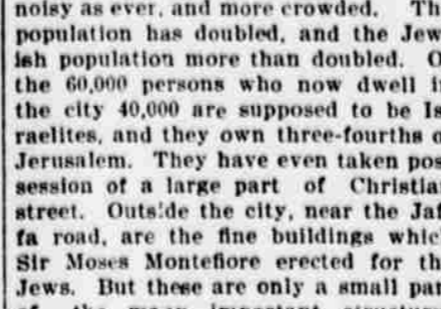


flags in honor of Chevalier Howard's recent marriage to an English lady who came with us on the Midnight Sun. It has been our fortune to see a good many decorations in our recent journeyings. Paris was still gay on account of the czar's visit, Rome was brilliant with the marriage of the prince of Naples, at Constantinople our ship was dressed with bunting for the wedding, Nov. 2, of Mr. Perrowne, son of the bishop of Worcester, who is a business partner of Dr. Lunn, and on arriving at Jaffa we were taken to Howard's hotel, bright with the flags of all nations.

A POWER IN OLD SOUTH

PLANTATION OVERSEER AND PLACE HE OCCUPIED.

His Authority and His Opportunity—Although Not Recognized Socially He Was an Important Factor in Politics.



AN institution familiar to the southerner of the ante-bellum period that has disappeared and almost been forgotten was the plantation overseer. On every plantation in the south where there were as many as twenty-five grown slaves there was an overseer, and on the great plantations where there were hundreds and hundreds of slaves there was a head overseer, with a force of assistants with slave foremen under them, all of whom came between the private soldier and the general-in-chief; for every plantation was supposed to be worked by a force organized as an army is organized, with details for this and details for that, and at the head of all this organization there was an overseer, the second in command, who was answerable alone to the planter. Shrewd fellows were these overseers as a class and men proud of their calling. The product of necessity, when the rich slave-owners gathered together more human cattle than they could herd themselves, they formed a distinct and separate class, the sons of overseers being overseers for generations and seeking the daughters of overseers for wives.

The position of an overseer on a rich plantation was not only a responsible one, but one of influence in the community. Wealthy planters spent much of their time away from their plantations and upon the overseers, as their representatives, devolved not only the duties but the influence common to the head of a great business.

Though rarely ever explicitly authorized to act independently, they generally attended, not only to the purchasing of supplies, equipments, etc., but at the end of the season shipped the year's crop to the agent at Charleston, Mobile or New Orleans and saw that the planter received his proper returns; so that, so far as being a mere slave driver, as he has been generally presented, the overseer was, in many instances, a capable man of affairs, filling practically the place of an English steward and relieving his self-indulgent employer of practically all the duties of his position except the agreeable one of posing as a grand seigneur off the proceeds of his slaves' labor.

Then, of course, there was the overseer of the little planter who ran ten or a dozen plows that he could well have attended to himself. This man was, as a rule, a hack—a mere toadying taskmaster, cringing to his employer and bullying the negroes under him; staying in no place for more than a year at a time and demoralizing every plantation that he undertook to run. To this class is due the odium that at the north attaches to the name. But I will not deal with them. They are not an entertaining study.

The position of a head overseer on a rich plantation was, as I have intimated, one of great responsibility. There were many plantations in the south that embraced 10,000, 15,000, 20,000 acres of land, upon which there were employed from 200 to 1,000 slaves. There were a great many planters who owned several plantations lying far apart, with an overseer upon each. This planting was a big business. First there was the question of filling several hundred hungry mouths and covering several hundred bodies with proper clothing, to be solved; houses had to be kept in repair, knitters, weavers, millers, carpenters, smiths, shoemakers, all had to be kept employed to the best advantage to supply the needs of the plantation. Great strings of fence, miles and miles long, had to be kept up; and after this a profit had to be shown to the planter or there was the responsibility for a great body of valuable slaves.

There were masters who did not profess to know their slaves on sight. These slaves were worth much money, and should they run away or die they were a loss that a master, however indolent and self-indulgent, would not be patient with. Not even the ambition to excel as a farmer must be allowed to blind the overseer to the welfare of his charges. If a slave died from overwork, the case was investigated and a change made in the management another year. But that the overseer dealt with all the questions that presented themselves with passable success is evidenced by the fact that he not only held his ground, but gained ground from year to year, until, at the breaking out of the war, the great cotton crop of the south was practically the product of his energy and generalship in directing the efforts of the ignorant slaves in his charge.

But the overseer can be viewed from another point than that of the business man of the south. He was a political power. His employer's policy was generally his, and in many instances his policy became his employer's; but no matter who shaped the policy, it was the overseer who saw that the election went right. The planter who backed a friend for Congress, Governor or Legislature placed the management of his campaign practically in the hands of the overseer, who was in touch with the voters and knew just where and how to make every vote count.

INDULGENCE DEMANDED.

Philosopher Could Not Help Putting on Style After His Great Fall.

The elderly Washington gentleman whose years do not lessen a genial interest in the affairs of life had an unfamiliar swagger in his gait as he came into the house, says the Washington Star. His wife observed it immediately. There was something in his manner when he merely served the butter at dinner which suggested the pomposity. "Richard," his wife said, "I hope you have not forgotten that pride goeth before a fall." "My dear," was the reply, "I am perfectly familiar with that admonition. And I have reason to fear that in my case it applies in a literal as well as in a figurative sense. But I can't help it." "You are not usually this way." "I know it. When I was graduated at the head of my class in college I was as meek and modest as the last man on the list. When I was elected to office and ran away ahead of my ticket, I could have defied anybody to accuse me of showing the least elation. When I won my first big lawsuit I endeavored to bear success with the same philosophy which I should have felt was proper in defeat. When I got my picture in the paper as a leading citizen of the community I could have defied any of my old-time friends to detect the slightest difference in my behavior. But this case is different. I hope you'll bear with me, but I've just ridden my bicycle three times around the block without falling off and I just can't help putting on airs."

A THREE-DAYS DANCE.

Longest Ball on Record, With Constant Relays of Musicians.

What promises to be the longest ball on record will soon be held at Brighton, England, in the cause of charity, says the New York Journal. It is said it will last, continuously, for three days and three nights. Just how this will be managed has not yet been learned. It is possible, however, that it can be kept going by a careful arrangement of relays of musicians and dancers who will reel off the waltzes, mazurkas and schottisches one after the other. Probably a short interval will be allowed in the daytime for rest, and then the programme resumed with increased ardor. The entertainment is to be given in the town hall, and the institution to be benefited by it is a dispensary for the relief of the sick poor. There is a long list of titled people among the patronesses, and it is presumed that many members of the nobility named will grace the occasion by their presence. The Duchess of Teck is the greatest "aitesse" on the list, which also includes the Countess of Munster, Baroness de Worms, Lady Ellis, Lady Pocock, and several scores of the untitled gentry of the place. The lord lieutenant of the county, the Marquis of Abergavenny, is the nominal head of the affair, but whether the authorship of the idea is his is not stated.

Secret Societies in China.

Throughout the long course of Chinese history the existence of these "Hui," or secret associations has been recognized and recorded. At various times they have adopted different titles. We read of the "White Lily" sect, the "Yellow Caps," "The Society of Heaven, Earth and Man," "The Triad Society," the "Hung League," and the "Kolao Hui," and countless other associations. More often than not these bodies have been started as benevolent societies, but almost invariably, certainly in the cases of those we have named, the philanthropic zeal of the founders has degenerated into political fanaticism. Some of the greatest political changes in the empire have been due to their action. The Mongol dynasty, established by Jenghiz Khan and his followers, mainly owed its downfall to the energetic action of the Hung League; and it is beyond question that had it not been for the support we gave to the government of China in its struggle with the T'ai Ping, who trace their origin to the same secret society, the present Manchu dynasty would have shared the fate of the Mongol emperors.—Blackwood's Magazine.

She Showed Him How.

Even those who believe that politeness should be taught politely may be allowed to smile at a good lesson somewhat rudely administered—a lesson like the following, reported by the Minneapolis Journal:

Out in the midway district there is a tall Swedish washerwoman who has a keen sense of justice, and who put her ideas into practice the other day in a decidedly positive manner. While walking on University avenue she was overtaken by a bicycle rider who had more speed than courtesy. In place of turning off he rode up to her and pushed his wheel along until it struck her, but did not throw him off.

"I thank I show you how to get off a wheel," she said, with fire in her voice; "yes, I thank I vill," and as she spoke she projected one of her feet and kicked the wheel from under the rider. He fell into the dirt at the edge of the sidewalk, as she walked on, and the wheel located itself on his stomach. And all he could hear as he picked himself up and creased his bruises was a voice coming to him from a tall, swift-striding Swede:

"Ya, ya, I thank I show him; I thank so."

A Financier.

The sultan took more than two years to pay for a load of lumber he ordered from a firm in the United States. What Christian Napoleon of finance could do better than that, short of not paying at all?—St. Louis Dispatch.